CROSS PURPOSES:

A

FARCE

OF

TWO ACTS,

As it is performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

LONDON:
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Price One Shilling.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The Candid will, I am ſure, overlook the faults of this trifle, when they are informed, that it was not originally meant for the ſtage. The idea was adopted for private amuſement, and if it has conduced to that of the Public, the author's end is more than anſwered.

15th *December*, 1772.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. GRUB	Mr. SHUTER.
CONSOL, his Broker	Mr. QUICK.
FRANCIS BEVIL	Mr. THOMPSON.
HARRY BEVIL	Mr. PERRY.
GEORGE BEVIL	Mr. WROUGHTON.
CHAPEAU, Valet to G. BEVIL	Mr. LEWES.
ROBIN, Valet to H. BEVIL	Mr. DYER.
SERVANT to GRUB.	

Mrs. GRUB	Mrs. GREEN.
EMILY, her Daughter	Mrs. BULKLEY.
A HOUSEMAID	Mrs. KNIVETON.
MAID SERVANTS.	

CROSS PURPOSES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in George Bevil's *Houſe.*

Enter ROBIN.

HEYDEY! Here's a houſe with a witneſs! Two o'clock and not a ſoul ſtirring yet—what a charming thing it is to be quality! for then, one need never do any one thing like the reſt of the world—lie a-bed all day, ſit up all night, ſpend an eſtate without ever having one, run in debt to every body, pay nobody, laugh at every body, deſpiſe every body, and cuckold every body. Oh, what a delightful thing it is to be quality!—But I wonder Mr. Chapeau is not up yet, he does not uſe to be ſo

late. A ſweet fellow—has more of the man of faſhion about him, than any ſervant in town—I wiſh I was like him; I ſtrive all I can, but I cannot get his manner.

A ſervant-maid croſſes the ſtage with a pail, &c.

Harkee, my dear, is Captain Bevil at home?

MAID.

Who, Sir?

ROBIN.

What! is there nobody up yet?

MAID.

Up yet! no, Sir; I believe they are not long gone to bed. Why ſure you muſt be as great a ſtranger here as I am, to think of finding any one ſtirring at this time of the day.

ROBIN.

A ſtranger! what then you are a new comer ---I don't remember having had the pleaſure of ſeeing you before, my dear.

MAID.

No, Sir; I have been here but a week; and I don't know yet who it is I live with; Mrs. Sudds, the waſherwoman, recommended me; mayhap you may know her.

ROBIN.

I am acquainted with the family, but I have not the honour of knowing her.

[*Takes ſnuff.*

MAID.

And here I am, but I have ne'er ſeen the face of my maſter ſince here I've been. I never hears any thing of him, but when he raps at door in the morning, and he is always going to bed, juſt as I begin to think of getting up ---What, perhaps, you want to ſpeak to Mr. Chapeau?

ROBIN.

Yes, I wiſh I could ſee him. You muſt know I live with your maſter's elder brother.

MAID.

Oh, what in the ſquare?

ROBIN.

No, no; that's the eldeſt, the great Squire Bevil; there are three of them---He that lives in St. James's-Square, is, as I told you, the eldeſt, and has a great fortune; my maſter ſtudies the law in the Temple, and your maſter, my dear, is the youngeſt, and ſtudies nothing at all in the army; he's an officer in the foot guards. I want to know if he's upon duty, can you tell me?

MAID.

Indeed, I can't, Sir; but I know that he never comes home all night long—I wonder, for my part, what the quality can find to do up ſo, always, night after night, night after night.

CHAPEAU, *within.*

William! William!

MAID.

Oh, Lord! I vow there is Mr. Chapeau up, I muſt run and waſh the ſteps; your ſervant, Sir. [*Exit.*

ROBIN.

Your ſervant, my dear. A good fine girl that—I muſt ſee if ſhe is not to be had. Oh! here he comes, here he comes.

Enter CHAPEAU.

Ah, Monſieur Chapeau! How do you do?

CHAPEAU.

Ah, Maſter Robin! are you there? How goes it, my little dapper Robin?

ROBIN.

You have ſlept it out, with a witneſs, my dear Sir, it is almoſt two o'clock.

[*Looking at his watch.*

CHAPEAU.

CHAPEAU.

Is it, indeed! why we were up very late at Almack's laſt night, and loſt all our money. Come, ſit down (*drawing a chair.*) A damn'd run againſt us all night long. But, however, no matter, the worſe luck now, the better another time, eh, my little ſmiling Robin?

ROBIN.

Ay, it is to be hoped ſo, Mr. Chapeau—I think they ſay that your maſter has loſt conſiderably of late, has not he?

CHAPEAU.

Oh! we have had the curſedeſt run of ill luck, that ever people had!—and how to raiſe money upon earth we don't know; there's not a uſurer, not a thief, between this and the Monument, but we have brought to a ſtand-ſtill, not a penny will they lend us—I believe—though it is the devil to think of that too—but I believe we muſt marry ſomebody; we can't keep our heads above water much longer if we do not.

ROBIN.

I ſhould ſuppoſe, Mr. Chapeau, that your maſter had well nigh ſpent all his fortune by this time.

CHAPEAU.

Spent his fortune! why we did not begin to make a figure, or be at all known in the world, till we had loſt all we had.

ROBIN.

Why you don't tell me ſo!

CHAPEAU.

You may ſtare, but it is very true---We did not begin to have credit, till we had not a farthing left in the world. Ah! Robin, London is the place for credit; pluck up but a good reſolution, and you may run in debt as much as you pleaſe. Why the tradeſmen are all playing as deep a game as our maſters, William, bring chocolate.

Enter SERVANT.

Or would you rather have tea, Robin?

ROBIN.

No, thank you, Mr. Chapeau, chocolate if you pleaſe, I have left off tea ſome time.

CHAPEAU.

Why then bring chocolate.

[*Exit* Servant.

ROBIN,

ROBIN.

As one don't drink ſo confoundedly hard as one uſed to do, I think there's leſs occaſion for tea in a morning. But pray, what might your maſter have loſt laſt night?

CHAPEAU.

Faith I can't juſtly ſay. Bob told me, for you muſt know, we had a little party with him laſt night, that at one in the morning he was out nine hundred, and kept calling for Rouleaus till paſt five, and every one quite worn out, ſo you may gueſs.

[*chocolate brought in.*

How much do you think I loſt laſt night?

ROBIN.

Upon my ſoul I have no gueſs---Perhaps a guinea or two.

CHAPEAU.

Fifty, or may I never rattle a box again. You muſt know that young Flimzy, Sir Harry Blackball, and ſome others, were all ballotted in laſt night, and we had deviliſh deep play.

ROBIN.

What a genteel manner he has! [*Aſide.*] Fifty guineas, Mr. Chapeau, why, that will make

make a horrid hole in your ſtrong box, won't it?

CHAPEAU.

A monſtrous one, I can't ſay but it will. [*ſipping chocolate.*] But you muſt know—don't take any notice of it though—I have been in keeping ſome time—A certain married woman that—ſhall be nameleſs—whoſe huſband is monſtrous rich, and keeps a ſhop in a certain ſtreet—that ſhall be nameleſs—You have ſeen her, my little Robin—a monſtrous fine girl—She danced with me at the laſt maſquerade—we were both monſtrouſly well dreſſed—after which we went to a certain houſe, that—ſhall be nameleſs—The huſband is damn'd jealous though, and between you and I, I am afraid he wants to get rid of her; ſo that of late we are grown more circumſpect.—For though I ſhould like the eclat of a divorce—yet the money at preſent, the money, my little Robin, you know, is convenient,

ROBIN.

O yes, damme—the money to be ſure.

[*ſipping.*

CHAPEAU.

Robin, don't you remember meeting me in the Park, about ten days ſince, with a lady dreſſed in chintz, ha?

ROBIN.

ROBIN.

O Lord, ay, very well! She was dreſſed in a muff too—I remember her; why that you told me, the next day, was a wax-chandler's lady in ——

CHAPEAU.

Huſh, you confounded blab you, not a ſyllable for your life!

[*Clapping his hand to his mouth.*

ROBIN.

Ah, ha! Have I ſmoaked you—Ha, ha, ha!

[*Bell rings.*

CHAPEAU.

Ha! my maſter's bell; he is awake then, I find—*Toute à l'heure, Monſieur; toute à l'heure.* But what brought you here to day ſo early, Robin; have you any meſſage?

ROBIN.

Yes, my maſter was not ſure but his brother might be on guard, ſo bid me call and aſk. He is at his brother's in the ſquare; I fancy he intends coming down here preſently —Some family buſineſs in hand, I have a notion.

CHAPEAU.

Ay, they want to raiſe the devil, caſh, I ſuppoſe. I fancy it is confounded low with

both of them. That curſt place White's is ſo full of blacks, the poor lads can't keep a farthing for them. I ſuppoſe they want the oldeſt to lend.

ROBIN.

Not my maſter I warrant you, he's a good manager, ſticks cloſe to the law. Why he's to be called to the bar next term. Deviliſh clever he is, an't he?

CHAPEAU.

O deviliſh clever—a monſtrous genius, Robin.

ROBIN.

Very true, Mr. Chapeau, he is very monſtrous.

[*The houſe maid croſſes the Stage again.*

CHAPEAU.

Oh, Jenny! do you know has any body called upon me or my maſter to day?

MAID.

Yes, Sir, there have been two ladies and an old cloaths man to you, and two thin ugly men aſked for my maſter; I believe they be Jews.

CHAPEAU.

CHAPEAU.

Jews! Gadſo, they muſt not be neglected, did they ſay they would call again?

MAID.

Yes, one, I think, did ſay he would call again, and another on 'em left a paper parcel, I put it on the drawing-room table.

[*Exit.*

CHAPEAU.

It's very well, Jenny. [*Bell rings.*] Well, Robin, you may tell your maſter that mine is juſt awake. If he has any buſineſs, this is the time to ſee him. Now or never. Adieu, *au revoir.*

ROBIN.

Well, my dear Mr. Chapeau, adieu.—Adieu as the French have it. [*Going.*

CHAPEAU.

But Robin, damme, not a word of the little chandler—

ROBIN.

Oh, upon honour, I'll be cloſe as wax.

CHAPEAU.

Bravo, my little dapper Robin, you improve.

ROBIN.

Yes, yes, thanks to you, I ſhall be ſome thing at laſt, with a little of your aſſiſtance. A charming, genteel fellow. [*Exit.*

CHAPEAU.

A fooliſh awkward toad—[*Bell rings.*] I hear you, Sir—What a damned ſituation after all a ſervant's is, [*taking ſnuff*] never at eaſe, always attending other people's motions—I begin to be monſtrous ſick of it. As my maſter is pretty near ruined, I take it he will ſoon either hang or marry himſelf; I ſhall then beg leave to retire and enjoy the fruits of my induſtry, purchaſe ſome genteel fine cure, take a ſnug box in the country, and kill my own mutton. [*Exit.*

Scene—a DRAWING-ROOM—*a* COUCH—FRENCH CHAIRS—BOOKS—*and* DRESS CLOATHS, *as if taken off the night before.*

Enter George Bevil *in his night-gown, and* Chapeau.

G. BEVIL.

My brother Harry's man here do you ſay?

CHA-

CHAPEAU.

Yes, Sir, he came from Mr. Bevil's in the ſquare, to know if you were upon duty or not.

G. BEVIL.

My brother, I ſuppoſe then, will call here. I am glad of it. I ſhall have an opportunity of letting him into my ſituation. [*Aſide.*] Any body elſe?

CHAPEAU.

The houſe maid ſays, Sir, two Jews were here before I was up, they ſaid they would call again, and one of them left this parcel.

G. BEVIL.

Oh, very well, the writings I ſuppoſe—Ay, 'tis ſo—Lay them down—If they come again I muſt ſee them—and if any body is with me ſhew them into my dreſſing room—There's no living without theſe Iſraelites. I am an abſolute bankrupt with every chriſtian creature, and if my luck does not change ſhortly, they will find me out at Duke's Place too.

Enter HARRY BEVIL.

H. BEVIL.

So, George, you are juſt up I ſee; you are as regular in your irregularities, I find, as ever—

ever—St. James's dial does not better ſhew the hour of the day, than you do the life of a modern fine gentleman.

G. BEVIL.

St. James's dial, Sir, is not as conſtant to the ſun, as I am to my courſe of life. But how comes it that you are dreſſed ſo ſoon, are you going to dine with any of your patronizing attorneys in Chancery-Lane.

H. BEVIL.

No, I dine at this end of the town, but I have buſineſs on my hands—buſineſs which perhaps may occaſion buſineſs for my patronizing attorneys, as you are pleaſed to call them. In ſhort, George, I am upon the brink of matrimoney.

G. BEVIL.

Indeed! Why that's the very buſineſs I was wanting to open to you. I have thoughts of marrying too—In ſhort, Harry, ſuch is my ſituation at preſent that formidable as it may be, I muſt marry, I muſt find out a wife, whoſe fortune may ſet me afloat again, for faith, as matters go, I am ſinking very faſt.

H. BEVIL.

But the queſtion is, where will you find one that can anſwer your purpoſe, I am ſure ſhe muſt be handſome or you will never like her,

her; and her fortune muſt be very handſome, I am very ſure, or it will be of no uſe to you.

G. BEVIL.

In both theſe points, Harry, I have been lucky enough to ſucceed—During the courſe of my ſauntring duty in the Park, with the nurſery maids, I met with a very fine girl, who has a conſiderable fortune in her own power, but may expect a much greater if ſhe marries with the conſent of the old folks—of them I know nothing—The young thing is entirely mine—and I am fooliſh enough to be in love with her.

H. BEVIL.

Simple indeed! And her name is——

G. BEVIL.

There you muſt excuſe me—I muſt be ſurer of carrying my point, before I open myſelf farther, even to you—But what, pray, is your ſituation?

H. BEVIL.

Why faith, odd enough, you will ſay. You have always laughed at me for ſticking ſo cloſe to the old ladies, but at laſt I am rewarded for it. One I have often ſeen at Lady Matchem's aſſemblies, has taken, it ſeems, ſo violent an inclination to me, that ſhe has made

made me an offer of her daughter—'Tis true I am not acquainted with the girl, I have only ſeen her at a diſtance, but ſhe is reckoned handſome, and as I am ſure her fortune has numberleſs charms, I have made up my mind and am reſolved.

G. BEVIL.

And her name is ——

H. BEVIL.

There you muſt excuſe me. As you ſaid, I muſt be ſurer of my point, before I open myſelf, even to you—Lady Matchem has given me the characters of the family, which ſtand thus—The girl amiable and handſome, with a conſiderable fortune in her own power; but as you ſaid of yours, if papa and mama conſent, may have a much greater. The father is a man who has all his money in the ſtocks, and though he lives on this ſide Temple-Bar, is as ignorant of good company as if he had never removed from Thames-Street: all his time is taken up in liſtening to news, picking up intelligence, and buying in and ſelling out accordingly---The mother's only joy is cards and governing her family, which ſhe does with as much authority, as her huſband's obſtinacy will let her. She has undertaken to open the matter to him, and this afternoon, I am, perhaps, to have the honour of an introduction to him. More I'll tell you when I know more.

G. BEVIL.

G. BEVIL.

Have you opened this buſineſs yet, to my brother Frank?

H. BEVIL.

Not yet. Does he know your plan of operations?

G. BEVIL.

No!---I went to him, the other day, with an intention of telling him all, and begging his advice and aſſiſtance; but unluckily the converſation turning firſt upon my loſſes at play, put us both ſo heartily out of humour, that company coming in, I took the firſt opportunity of retreating, and have not ſeen him ſince. It will be time enough to tell him, when I am a little ſurer of ſucceſs. The day wears tho', and I have a great deal of buſineſs upon my hands, beſides dreſſing. I am laying ſome of my burdens upon the tribe of Iſſachar.

H. BEVIL.

Who will take care to exonerate themſelves, I warrant. How many Jews may your honour have in hand now?

G. BEVIL.

Umph! why faith, I believe about a round dozen: but if I marry, I will diſcard them all, and play a more chriſtian kind of game for the future.

H. BEVIL.

Well, ſucceſs attend you---Perhaps I may look in upon you at Almack's abut eleven [*Exit.*

G. BEVIL.

Chapeau, get my things ready to dreſs. [*Exit.*

Scene changes to GRUB's *Houſe.*

Enter GRUB, *alone.*

What a miſerable man I am! with a wife that is poſitive, a daughter that is marriageable, and a hundred thouſand pounds in the ſtocks. ---I have not had one wink of ſleep theſe four nights for them; any one of them is enough to make any reaſonable man mad; but all three to be attended to at once, is too much. Ah! Jonathan Grub! Jonathan Grub! riches were always thy wiſh, and now thou haſt them, they are thy torment. Will this confounded broker of mine never come. Let's ſee, *(looking at his watch)* 'tis time he was come back---Stocks fell three per cent. to-day, and, if the news be true, will tumble dreadfully to-morrow. *(A knocking at the door.)* There's Mr. Conſol, I am ſure. Who's there? Does no-body hear? Open the door, ſome-body. Oh, what infernal ſervants I have! Open the door for Mr. Conſol---I believe there never was

was any body ſo ill ſerv'd as I am---nobody to ---Oh, Mr. Conſol, have they let you in? Well,

Enter CONSOL.

what ſays the ambaſſador's porter? What intelligence have you picked up, what ſays the ambaſſador's porter?

CONSOL.

Why, he ſays---have your heard nothing ſince?

GRUB.

No, not a ſyllable, what does he ſay?

CONSOL.

Why, he ſays---Lord how I am fatigued! Ah, 'tis a ſign I grow old, as I tell my wife ---I ran all the way to tell you.

GRUB.

Well, well, what did he ſay? what did he ſay?

CONSOL.

Why, he ſaid that his excellency was at home all laſt night.

GRUB.

Indeed! at home all night---ay, reading the diſpatches---a war as ſure as can be---Oh! the ſtocks will fall to the devil to-morrow---I

ſhall loſe all I have in the world---Why did I not take Whiſper's advice and ſell out veſterday, I ſhould have made one and a half per cent, and have been ſnug; but now---

CONOSOL.

Why, but you are ſo haſty, Mr. Grub, you are ſo haſty, you won't hear me out, you are ſo haſty, as I tell my wife.

GRUB.

Oh, damn your wife---hear you out, what more have you to ſay, tell me?

CONSOL.

Why, the porter ſaid his excellency was at home all the evening, as I told you before.

GRUB.

Well, zounds, man, you ſaid ſo before; why do you repeat it? You grow the errant-eſt old fool that I ever ſaw---But what of his being at home, tell me that.

CONSOL.

Why, I will, if you will but hear me out---Was at home all night---All night ſays I? Yes, Sir, ſays he---

GRUB.

Oh, if you are got at your ſays I's and ſays he's---

CONSOL.

Nay, pray, Mr. Grub, hear me out.

GRUB.

GRUB.

Well, well, well, I hear you man; but in the mean time, all I have in the world, the labour of fifty years, is going, going at a blow---Oh! this curſed Spaniſh war---I am ſure we ſhall have a Spaniſh war---I always ſaw it would come to this---I was ſure at the time of the peace that we ſhould have a Spaniſh war one time or other---but pr'ythee man, do cut your ſtory ſhort.

CONSOL.

Well, well, to cut the ſtory ſhort, when I aſk'd him if he could find out, or gueſs, what made the ambaſſador ſtay at home all night, he told me---

GRUB.

What, what?

CONSOL.

That the ambaſſador had a woman playing upon the fiddle to him all the evening.

GRUB.

A woman playing upon the fiddle! what to an ambaſſador of one of the firſt powers in Europe—It muſt be a joke—Why, zounds man, they make you believe any nonſenſe they invent. An old fool.

CONSOL.

Well, well, however that may be, I have got rare news from another quarter for you.

GRUB.

Have you? Well, what is it? None of your ſays I's and ſays he's now, I charge you.

CONSOL.

Why, who ſhould I meet but our friend Ben Coolen coming hot foot to you from the India-houſe.

GRUB.

Indeed! Well, dear Conſol, what is it?

CONSOL.

Why he ſays there's great news; India ſtock is up ſix per cent already, and expected to be as much more by Change-time to-morrow.

GRUB.

My dear Conſol (*embracing him*) I thank you—that revives me---then hurry into the city as faſt as you can, and buy as if the devil was in you; that revives me, that's great news indeed---Gad the news-papers have put me into a deviliſh fright of late.

CONSOL.

Yes, Sir; to be ſure they do keep a ſad rumpus in the papers always.

GRUB.

Damn it, man, I never know what to think, they puzzle me ſo---Why now of a morning

morning at breakfaſt---in the firſt column, a friend to the ſtockholders ſhall tell me, and write very well and ſenſibly, that we have got the Indies in our pockets---then that puts me into ſpirits, and I'll eat you a muffin extraordinary---When I turn to the next column, there we are all undone again, another deviliſh clever fellow ſays we are all bankrupts, and the cream turns upon my ſtomach: however this is ſubſtantial, ſo my dear Conſol, loſe no time---this revives me---thank you, my dear Conſol---you are a very ſenſible man, and if you could but learn to leave out your ſays I's and ſays he's and ſays they's, as good a broker as ever man put faith in---Come, get you gone, for I have great buſineſs in hand ---the marriage of my daughter, Conſol, or I would go into the city with you myſelf.

CONSOL.

Ah! what you have made up your matters then with Lord Thoughtleſs.

GRUB.

No, no, Conſol, not I indeed; he's none of my man, I promiſe you---I'll have none of your lords for my ſon-in-law---that I can tell you.

CONSOL.

Ay, ay, very ſad times among the quality, as I tell my wife. The Lord help them!

GRUB.

GRUB.

But away, away, dear Confol, and be fure let me hear before bed-time, what you have done---I'll be in the city by feven to-morrow morning.

CONSOL.

Very well, Mr. Grub---I'll take care, I'll take care. (*Going*)---Oh! but Mr. Grub, I hope you won't forget to come and eat a Welch rabbit with me ſome of theſe days, as you promiſed me. I have finiſhed my room: the bow window is finiſhed.

GRUB.

Is it, indeed!

CONSOL.

Yes, and charming pleaſant it is---I look up my lane, and down my lane, from the pewterer's at one corner, all the way along to the tallow-chandler's at the other.

GRUB.

Indeeed!

CONSOL.

Yes. And not a ſoul can ſtir of a Sunday, or knock at a door, but I ſee them.

GRUB.

Ay! why that is pleaſant! why you have a knack at theſe things, Conſol; you are always improving---You have a knack at theſe things.

CON-

CONSOL.

Yes, I thank heaven! I am always a doing, now a bit and then a bit. I am always a piddling, as I tell my wife, I am always a piddling.

GRUB.

Yes, yes, depend upon't I'll come---but, dear Conſol, make haſte now if you love me. [*Exit* Conſol.]

Well! now this goes as I would have it, this goes as I would have it. If India ſtock riſes ſix per cent to-morrow, I ſhall make a great hand of it---But now for this other affair ---now for the marriage of my daughter---I am glad I was ſo fortunate as to get acquainted with this gentleman---a fine fortune, in parliament, and an œconomiſt; three things very much to my mind---If I can but get my confounded wife to agree to it---but ſhe's the devil to deal with---It was lucky I happened to meet with this man, for the women are ſo agog, now-a-days, that you cant provide too ſoon for them; and a fine young girl with thirty thouſand pounds in her own power, is ſo tempting an object in this town, that the ſooner you can get her married and ſafe out of your hands the better---Ah!---Now, if I could but double my capital, and bury my wife, *(ſighs)* but there is no ſuch thing as real happineſs on this ſide the grave! [*Exit.*

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

Enter GRUB.

NOW for this wife of mine---I ſuppoſe I ſhall have a fine piece of work with her to make her approve of this match---nay, ten to one, but as I have found out the man, ſhe for that reaſon only will ſet herſelf againſt the buſineſs---but here ſhe comes. Hum!---I muſt break it to her by degrees---bring it coolly, and cunningly about---by degrees---

Enter MRS. GRUB.

Oh, Mrs. Grub! my dear, how d'ye do---What's the news?

Mrs. GRUB.

News! Heavens, Mr. Grub! will you never leave off that filthy vulgar city cuſtom of yours, of aſking every body you ſee for news? news? as if one was a hawker of Lloyd's Chronicle, or the Public Ledger. Now you are removed to this end of the town, why don't you do like the reſt of your neighbours? When you are at Rome, do as Rome does, was always the ſaying of my poor dear brother Sir Tympany Tar Barrel.

GRUB,

GRUB.

Your poor dear brother might ſay what he pleaſed, but he would never do as I have, leave the city and all his old friends, and begin the world, as it were, over again, only to oblige his wife. You could never get him to ſtir out of Gutter-Lane.

Mrs. GRUB.

Oh, hideous! name it not: but if you are at a loſs for friends, why don't you do as I do, take pains to make them?---but no---I muſt do every thing for the honour and credit of our name, and if I did not go about to the watering places in the ſummer, with my child, and pick up faſhionable company, and make a point of playing high at their aſſemblies in the winter, neither I nor my poor child would have a friend or acquaintance on this ſide Ludgate---Mrs. Deputy this and Mrs. Deputy t'other, and Alderman Gooſe, and Alderman Gander, pretty creatures to introduce a young lady, with the fortune that Miſs Grub will have.

GRUB.

Why, it is very true, as you ſay, you have taken great pains about her acquaintance, that's certain---but now you talk of acquaintance, my dear, who d'ye think is dead---Poor Alderman Marrowfat.

Mrs. GRUB.

Oh! the filthy wretch, I'm mighty gla don't ---he ought to have died twenty years ago--- What was the matter with him?

GRUB.

Apoplexy!---eat as hearty a dinner at Girdler's-Hall, as man could eat, and was dead before he could ſwallow church and ſtate, ſtiff before the ſecond toaſt could go round! Ah! the new paving of the ſtreets killed him---Ah! the fatal effects of luxury! they will never leave their curſed improvements till they have killed us all---But, my dear, there's rare news from the Alley, India ſtock is mounting every minute.

Mrs. GRUB.

I am very glad to hear it, my dear.

GRUB.

Yes; I thought you would be glad to hear it; I have juſt ſent Conſol to the Alley, to ſee how matters go---I ſhould have gone myſelf --but---I---wanted to---open an affair of ſome importance to you---

Mrs. GRUB.

Ay, ay, you have always ſome affair of great importance.

GRUB.

Nay this is one---I have been thinking, my dear, that it was high time we had fixed our daughter, 'tis high time that Emily was married.

Mrs.

Mrs. GRUB.

You think ſo, do you? I have thought ſo any time theſe three years, and ſo has Emily too, I fancy---I wanted to talk to you upon the ſame ſubject.

GRUB.

You did! well I declare that's pat enough, he, he, he? I vow and proteſt I'm pleaſed at this---why our inclinations do ſeldom jump together.

Mrs. GRUB.

Jump, quotha! no, on my conſcience I ſhould wonder they did---and how comes it now to paſs? What, I ſuppoſe you have been employing ſome of your brokers, as uſual, or, perhaps, advertizing, as you uſed to do---but I expect to hear no more of thoſe tricks now we are come to this end of the town.

GRUB.

No, no, my dear, this is no ſuch matter, the gentleman I intend---

Mrs. GRUB.

You intend!

GRUB.

Yes, I intend.

Mrs. GRUB.

You intend---what do you preſume to diſpoſe of my child without my conſent?---Look you, Mr. Grub, as I have always ſaid, mind your

your money matters, look to your bulls, and your bears, and your lame ducks, and take care they don't make *you* waddle out of the Alley, as the ſaying is---but leave to me the management of my child---What! things are come to a fine paſs indeed! I ſuppoſe you intend to marry the poor innocent to ſome of your city cronies, your factors, ſupercargoes, packers and dry-ſalters; but, thank my ſtars, I have waſhed my hands of them, and I'll have none of them, Mr. Grub; no, I'll have none of them---It never ſhall be ſaid that after coming to this end of the town, the great Miſs Grub was forced to trudge into the city again for a huſband.

GRUB.

Why, zounds, are you mad, Mrs. Grub!

Mrs. GRUB.

No, you ſhall find I am not mad, Mr. Grub; that I know how to diſpoſe of my child, Mr. Grub---what, did my poor dear brother leave his fortune to me and my child, and ſhall ſhe now be diſpoſed of without conſulting me?

GRUB.

Why the devil is in you, certainly! if you will but hear me, you ſhall be conſulted---have I not always conſulted you; was I not inclined to pleaſe you, to marry my daughter to a lord, and has ſhe not been hawked about till all the peerage of the three kingdoms turn

up

up their noſes at you and your daughter?---Did I not treat with my Lord Spindle, my Lord Thoughtleſs, and my Lord Maukin; and did we not agree, for the firſt time in our lives, that it would be better to find out a commoner for her, as the people of quality only marry, now-a-days, for a winter or ſo.

Mrs. GRUB.

Very well, we did ſo---and who pray is the proper perſon to find out a match for her? ---who, but her mother, Mr. Grub, who goes into company with no other view, Mr. Grub ---who flatters herſelf that ſhe is no contemptible judge of mankind, Mr. Grub—Yes, Mr. Grub, I know mankind as well as any woman on earth, Mr. Grub.

GRUB.

That I believe from my ſoul, Mrs. Grub.

Mrs. GRUB.

Who then but me ſhould have the diſpoſal of her---and very well I have diſpoſed of her ---I have got her a huſband in my eye---

GRUB.

You got her a huſband.

Mrs. GRUB.

Yes I have got her a huſband.

GRUB.

No, no, no, Mrs. Grub. that will never do---What the vengeance, have I been toiling upwards

upwards of fifty years—up early, down late, ſhop-keeper, and houſe-keeper, made a great fortune, which I could never find in my heart to enjoy. And now, when all the comfort I have in the world, the ſettlement of my child is in agitation---ſhall I not ſpeak, ſhall I not have leave to approve of her huſband?

Mrs. GRUB.

Hey day! You are getting into your tantrums, I ſee.

GRUB.

What, did I not leave the city, every friend in the world with whom I uſed to paſs an evening---did I not to pleaſe you take this houſe here, nay did I not make the damnedeſt fool of myſelf, by going to learn to come in and out of a room with the grown gentlemen in Cow-lane---Did I not put on a ſword too at your deſire, and had I not like to have broke my neck down ſtairs by its getting between my legs, at that diabolical lady what d'ye call 'ems route! and did not all the footmen and chairmen laugh at me!

Mrs. GRUB.

And well they might truly. An obſtinate old fool---

GRUB.

Ay, ay, that may be, but I will have my own way---I'll give my danghter to the man I like

I like---I'll have no ſir this, nor lord t'other ---I'll have no fellow with a waiſt down to his knees, and a ſkirt like a monkey's jacket ---with a hat not ſo big as its button, his ſhoe buckles upon his toes, and a queuë thicker than his leg!

Mrs. GRUB.

Why, Mr. Grub you are raving, diſtracted ſurely. No, the man I propoſe———

GRUB.

And the man I propoſe———

Mrs. GRUB.

Is a young gentleman of fortune, diſcretion, parts, ſobriety, and connections---

GRUB.

And the man I propoſe is a gentleman of abilities, fine fortune, prudence, temperance, and every virtue———

Mrs. GRUB.

And his name is———

GRUB.

And his name is Bevil!

Mrs. GRUB.

Ah!

GRUB.

And his name is Bevil, I ſay.

Mrs. GRUB.

Bevil?

GRUB.

Bevil! a very pretty name too!

Mrs. GRUB.

What, Mr. Bevil of Lincolnſhire?

GRUB.

Yes, Mr. Bevil of Lincolnſhire.

Mrs. GRUB.

Oh, my dear Mr. Grub, you delight me, Mr. Bevil is the very man I meant.

GRUB.

Is it poſſible! Why where have you met with him?

Mrs. GRUB.

Oh! at ſeveral places, but particularly at Lady Matchem's aſſemblies

GRUB.

Indeed! my dear Mrs. Grub, let me have one kiſs!

Mrs. GRUB.

Take twenty, my dear Mr. Grub.

[*they embrace.*

GRUB.

Was ever any thing ſo fortunate! Did not I tell you that our inclinations jumped---He! he! he! But I wonder that he never told me he was acquainted with you---

Mrs. GRUB.

Nay, I cannot help thinking it odd, that he ſhould never tell me he had met with you; but

but I ſee he is a prudent man, he was determined to be liked by both of us. But where did you meet with him?---

GRUB.

Why he bought ſome ſtock of me, and ſo we came acquainted: but I am ſo overjoyed, adod, I ſcarce know what to ſay. My dear Mrs. Grub, let's ſend for the child, and open the buſineſs at once to her---I am ſo overjoyed ---who would have thought it? Let's ſend for Emily---poor dear little ſoul, ſhe little thinks how happy we are going to make her.

Mrs. GRUB.

I'll go fetch her---Oh, Betty, bid Miſs Grub come down to her papa---Yes, poor ſoul ſhe will be overjoyed and ſurpriſed, ſo let us, my dear Mr. Grub, be gentle, and calmly drop it to her---Your only fault always was and will be haſtineſs---Don't be haſty with her.

GRUB.

I won't. Mrs. Grub, I won't---but I am ſo overjoyed---

Mrs. GRUB.

O pray now don't be a fool---Here comes the poor child---compoſe yourſelf my dear---conſider the poor child.

Enter EMILY.

Emily, my dear, come hither child---your papa and I---

GRUB.

Yes, my dear, your mother and I---

Mrs. GRUB.

Mr. Grub, will you hold your tongue, or I---

GRUB.

My dear, I ſay no more, I ſay no more, but harkye---

EMILY.

So, the uſual ſcene, I find---Something intereſting is on foot, I am ſure, I ſuppoſe a new match has been thought of for me---[*aſide.*] I heard you wanted me, papa.

GRUB.

Yes, my dear, but your mother will---

Mrs. GRUB.

Yes, my dear, I will, if you will but get out of my way---Yes, my ſweet child, I want you---I am going to aſk you a few queſtions---

EMILY.

Heavens! I hope they have not diſcovered me. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. GRUB.

Which I hope you will anſwer me ingenuouſly---Come, now don't be diſturbed or alarmed. Ah! that enchanting modeſty; how ſhe puts me in mind of myſelf when I was of her age!---But my dear, your Papa and I wiſh to know, the ſtate of your affections;

tions; how is your heart inclined towards the reception of a tender paſſion?

GRUB.

Ay, my dear, your mother means to aſk you, how you are inclined to matrimony? What do you think of a huſband Emily?

Mrs. GRUB.

Mr. Grub, for heaven's ſake don't be ſo groſs to the poor child---Come, my dear, you know your papa and I mean only to make you happy---Indulgence was the plan upon which we brought you up.

EMILY.

My dear mama, I ſhould be the moſt undutiful of daughters, did I not ſhew a conſtant and grateful ſenſe of it.

Mrs. GRUB.

Ay, very true; now child, we were always reſolved to leave you to yourſelf in the choice of a huſband---I remember my own caſe; Mr. Grub, my dear, do you remember, I could not abide the ſight of you?

GRUB.

Yes, my dear, it's very true, I ſhall never forget it.

Mrs. GRUB.

I believe we were married nigh ſix weeks before you could get a ſyllable out of my mouth.

GRUB.

Yes, but you have made it up to me ſince with a vengeance! but as to love, that always comes, as the old ſaying is,---

Mrs. GRUB.

O, prythee, none of your filthy old ſayings now---Speak Emily.

EMILY.

I hope, my dear mama, I ſhall ever behave as you would wiſh me, your kind declarations to me, now, as well as the aſſurances you and my papa have always given me of an entire liberty in the choice I might hereafter make, call for my warmeſt acknowledgments, and I ſhould be the moſt ungrateful of creatures, if, as far as in my power lies, I did not comply———

GRUB.

My dear child, my dear wife, I am the happieſt man in the world, the happieſt man in the world---

Mrs. GRUB.

My dear Mr. Grub, compoſe yourſelf and don't go raving mad---Nay, I knew my ſweet ſoul would be all compliance, and rewarded you ſhall be for it, we have found you a huſband, that———

EMILY.

Ah!

GRUB.

GRUB.

Ay, we have got you ſuch a huſband, my dear——

Mrs. GRUB.

Ha! Why methinks you change colour at the news, Emily! I beg, my ſweet ſoul, you wont be alarmed.

EMILY.

Your pardon, my deareſt mother, I muſt be alarm'd, and own to you my reaſons for it. Your very humane declarations, that you will never force me in an object of ſuch importance, gives me ſpirits and confidence, to tell you that I have already diſpoſed of my heart.

Mrs. GRUB.

How!--

GRUB.

What!---

Mrs. GRUB.

Am I awake?

GRUB.

No ſurely---we are in a dream.

EMILY.

Oh, heav'ns Sir! deareſt mama, don't terrify me with thoſe looks.

Mrs. GRUB.

Diſpos'd of your heart!

GRUB.

Diſpos'd of your heart with a vengeance.---

Mrs.

Mrs. GRUB.

When?

GRUB.

Where?

Mrs. GRUB.

To whom?

GRUB.

Ay, to whom, I ſay?

Mrs. GRUB.

Where, and when was it?---Who is he?---Tell me all about it this inſtant.

GRUB.

Was there ever ſuch an artful baggage!---Oh, I am the moſt miſerable man in the world! the moſt miſerable man in the world!

Mrs. GRUB.

After all my pains!---After all the money I have ſpent in going to Tunbridge and Bath, to Margate and Harrowgate, freſh water and ſalt water!

GRUB.

Oh, Mrs. Grub, Mrs. Grub!---This is the bleſſed effect of your jauntings and journies---with as ſnug a box upon Clapham common---which I think by far the fineſt part of England, and every thing handſome about you, you could not be contented---and becauſe there's not a fooliſh body of quality now a-days, lives a ſummer in their own houſes, as they ought to do, you muſt be driving away to

all

all the watering places too; and ſlap daſh, all on a ſudden, when I leaſt think on't, away I am hy'd the devil knows where---ha!---then, ſuch plungings and pumpings, ſuch divings and dippings, as if you had been bit by all the mad dogs in the kingdom!

EMILY.

My deareſt father, hear me---chance brought me acquainted with a gentleman, who is, I am certain, if you did but know him, the man in the world you would wiſh me to have---a man, amiable in the higheſt degree.

Mrs. GRUB.

Yes, yes, very likely truly.

GRUB.

Ay, ay, a very pretty fellow to be ſure.

EMILY.

Yes, I muſt own, he has inſinuated himſelf into my heart, and made on it the moſt indelible impreſſion---

Mrs. GRUB.

Very fine, truly! I ſay impreſſion, indeed! ---after all our indulgence---

GRUB.

Ay, after all our indulgence---who was ever better dreſſed at my lord-mayor's balls--But who in the devil's name is he?

Mrs. GRUB.

Ay, who is he? ſpeak, who is he? what's his name, urchin?

EMILY.

His name is---Bevil.

Mrs. GRUB.

Ha!---

GRUB.

What!---

EMILY.

I ſaid his name is Bevil. *(In a fright.)*

Mrs. GRUB.

Bevil! what, Bevil of Lincolnſhire?

GRUB.

Ay, Bevil of Lincolnſhire?

EMILY.

Yes, I think I have heard him talk of going into Lincolnſhire.

GRUB.

Tol lol derol!---My dear child, my dear wife---

Mrs. GRUB.

My dear daughter---My ſweet Mr. Grub!

GRUB.

I am the happieſt man in the world, the happieſt man in the world!---Who could have thought it!

EMILY.

What can all this mean!

Mrs. GRUB.

Ah, my dear child, you have ſurely inherited all the penetration of your mother, with

that

that ſtrong likeneſs of my poor dear brother--- Why, my dear, that Mr. Bevil is the very identical perſon we have had in view for you.

EMILY.

Oh, my dear mama, is it poſſible!

GRUB.

Ay, by the lord is it, ſo ſay no more, but kiſs your own dear papa, you ſweet little cherubim.

Mrs. GRUB.

But, my dear, it is very odd he ſhould be acquainted with the child, and never once hint it to us.

GRUB.

Oh, not at all. I ſee thro' it, I ſee thro' it; he is a notable one, I ſee; he wants to have all our conſents ſeparately, that he may be the more certain of our affections.

Mrs. GRUB.

Nay, it muſt be ſo: and did he never ſay that he had met with your papa or me?

EMILY.

Never, I am very much ſurprized at it, but I am ſo happy in your concurrence with my wiſhes, that it almoſt overcomes me. This ſure, is the oddeſt event that ever happened. (*Aſide, and walking up the ſtage.*)

Mrs. GRUB.

Now, my dear, I think we may ſay, that we are completely happy.

GRUB.

Yes, my dear, we are indeed---Such a dear, good child, and ſuch a reſpectable ſon-in-law ---The baggage knows how to chuſe herſelf a huſband---he, he, he!---He's as handſome a black man, I think, as ever I ſaw---.

Mrs. GRUB.

Black, Mr. Grub! why, ſurely, your eyes begin to fail you---he's as handſome a fair man, indeed, as ever I ſaw.

GRUB.

Fair!---No, no, no; I know complexions better than that comes to.---He's black, I tell you.

Mrs. GRUB.

But he is fair, I tell you.

GRUB.

And, I ſay, he is black.

Mrs. GRUB.

Black!

GRUB.

As a dot of ink.

Mrs. GRUB.

Why, child, Emily, my dear, what do you ſay, is he a black or a fair man?

EMILY.

In my opinion, he is neither one nor the other.

Mrs.

Mrs. GRUB.

Well, it does not ſignify diſputing, as he will be here preſently, we ſhall ſee which of us is right.

GRUB.

Here!---How do you know that?

Mrs. GRUB.

I appointed him to call on me this evening, and the hour draws nigh.

GRUB.

Why I appointed him to be here between ſix and ſeven, too!---he, he, he!---Our inclinations have jumped moſt marvellouſly today.

EMILY.

I received a note from him, about two hours ſince, telling me that he would be here about ſeven. I muſt own, thinking you would be out of the way, I permitted him to come here, for the firſt time.

GRUB.

And he never ſaid a ſyllable to either of us, and pretended not to know us, ha, ha, ha! that's very good!---*(looks at his watch)*---but it's time he was come;---tho' perhaps the buſineſs of the houſe may detain him---I don't believe they are up yet.

Mrs. GRUB.

The houſe! what houſe?

GRUB.

The Houſe of Commons---You know he is a member of parliament, I ſuppoſe, child.

Mrs.

Mrs. GRUB.

Not I, indeed, I know no ſuch thing; I know he's not in parliament.

GRUB.

But I tell you he is.

Mrs. GRUB.

That's a very pretty ſtory, indeed. Emily, child, do ſpeak to your father, and don't let him expoſe his ignorance and obſtinacy ſo unmercifully.---Is not he ſtudying the law in the temple, my dear?

GRUB.

Don't he live in St. James's Square, my ſweet?

EMILY.

No, indeed, papa; he is an officer in the guards, and lives in Pall-mall.

Mrs. GRUB.

The girl is diſtracted, ſure, and will diſtract us too, I believe.

GRUB.

I never heard ſuch confounded nonſenſe. You are both mad, I believe.

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT.

A gentleman below deſires to ſpeak to my maſter.

GRUB.

Oh, he's come, I ſuppoſe---now we ſhall ſee who's a fool---who's obſtinate, and who's ignorant. Where is he?

SER-

SERVANT.

I ſhewed him into the parlour, Sir. [*Exit.*

GRUB.

O very well, I'll go down and ſhew him up. Now we ſhall ſee, now we ſhall know who he is, and what he is. *Exit.*

Enter a Maid Servant *to Mrs.* GRUB.

MAID.

Madam, the gentleman you expected is come, and in your dreſſing-room waiting for you.

Mrs. GRUB.

Yes, yes, I know he is come; but he is below ſtairs, your maſter is juſt gone down to him.

MAID.

No, Madam, that is ſomebody come in juſt now; the gentleman you mean, Ma'am has been here this half hour. As you and my maſter ſeemed to be at high words, I did not chuſe to come in.

Mrs. GRUB.

Oh, then it ſeems your papa has got ſomebody elſe upon buſineſs with him. I'll go to Mr. Bevil, and make my apologies to him for detaining him ſo long. [*Exit.*

EMILY.

This is, ſurely, the ſtrangeſt affair that ever happened. What can they mean? I have no idea of it. I think Mr. Bevil would never enter privately into engagements with them, and not mention

mention it to me---but I am glad it's come to this criſis, the ſooner it's over the better; I am heartily tired of theſe violent diſputes and wrangles every minute.

Enter Emily's Maid.

MAID.

Madam, the gentleman's come, he is in the blue room, and nobody has ſeen him.

EMILY.

Good Heavens! What can all this mean? I'll go this inſtant to him, perhaps he may be able to explain it to me. [*Exit.*

Enter GRUB.

Mrs. Grub, Mrs. Grub, Mr. Bevil is come, my dear.

Enter Mrs. Grub.

Mrs. GRUB.

Yes, my dear, I know he is come, he is in my dreſſing-room here.

GRUB.

In your dreſſing-room!---Why does the devil poſſeſs you ſtill! why he is on the ſtairs coming up with me, he only ſtopped to ſpeak to his chairmen.

Mrs. GRUB.

That's very pleaſant, truly; you are obſtinate to the laſt I ſee, you ſtrange wretch you ---But I'll ſhew you that Mr. Bevil is up here with me. [*Goes to a door.*

GRUB.

And I'll ſhew you that Mr. Bevil is down here with me. [*Goes to the room door.*] Oh, Mr.

Mr. Bevil, pray, Sir, walk in---Take care, the ſtairs are rather of the darkeſt.

Mrs. GRUB.

Mr. Bevil, Sir, pray walk into this room.

Enter FRANK *and* HARRY BEVIL, *at oppoſite Sides.*

F. BEVIL, *aſide.*

My brother Harry here! this is very odd!

H. BEVIL, *aſide.*

My brother Frank! this is very ſtrange!

GRUB, *turning about.*

Here's Mr. Bevil, my dear.

Mrs. GRUB.

No, my dear, this is Mr. Bevil.

GRUB.

That! who the devil is that?

Mrs. GRUB.

Mr. Bevil, I tell you. Who is that with you?

GRUB.

Why, who ſhould it be, but Mr. Bevil?

Mrs. GRUB.

Hey-day! What can all this mean? Why, where is Emily, where is the child?

GRUB.

Ay, where is the child? Where is Emily?

Enter EMILY.

Mrs. GRUB.

Here Milly, my dear, here is Mr. Bevil come to ſee you.

GRUB.

No, no, no, child; here is Mr. Bevil.

EMILY.

Where, Sir?

GRUB.

Here; this is he.

Mrs. GRUB.

No, no, no; this is he. [*Turning her.*

GRUB.

No, no, no; this is he. [*Turning her.*

EMILY.

No, indeed, papa, that's not the gentleman; I never had the pleaſure of ſeeing him before.

GRUB.

No! Why zounds——

Mrs. GRUB.

No, no, no; I knew he was miſtaken; I ſaw he did not know what he was doing---but you are an obſtinate brute---I knew that my Mr. Bevil here——

EMILY.

Who, Madam, that gentleman?

Mrs. GRUB.

Yes, my dear, this is Mr. Bevil.

EMILY.

No, indeed, mama, that is not he.

Mrs. GRUB.

Ha! what not he! Who is he then?

GRUB.

Ay, ſpeak; Who is he, then?

EMILY.

Indeed I don't know who the gentleman is.

GRUB.

But who is your Mr. Bevil then? Where is he, to fill up this concert?

Enter GEORGE BEVIL.

G. BEVIL.

Here I am, at your ſervice, Sir.

F. BEVIL, *aſide.*

George here---nay then the myſtery's out.

H. BEVIL, *aſide.*

This is very ridiculous, faith.

GRUB.

The moſt impudent fellow I ever ſaw! Pray, Sir, give me leave to aſk you, who, in the devil's name, are you?

G. BEVIL.

Sir, I have the honour to call myſelf Bevil.

Mrs. GRUB.

Pray, Sir, do you know either of theſe gentlem?

G. BEVIL.

Oh! impoſtors, Madam, impoſtors! I am the only Bevil breathing. Ha, ha, ha.

F. BEVIL.

Come, Sir, I'll explain this myſtery: We are brothers; we have all been ſo cloſe in this buſineſs,

buſineſs, that we have unavoidably ran counter to one another---and as George ſeems to have plann'd his operations with more propriety than we did, and made ſure of the lady's affections, with pleaſure I ſhall quit the field, and bow to his ſuperior merit.

H. BEVIL.

My dear George, you know me too well to doubt of my being in the ſame ſentiments.

GRUB.

My dear, what do you think of this buſineſs?

Mrs. GRUB.

Why I think, my dear, that as we can't help ourſelves, we may as well make the beſt on't. What's done can't be undone, and it's well it's no worſe, as was always the ſaying of my poor dear brother, Sir Pympany.

GRUB.

Egad I believe he was right, and I may as well make the beſt on't; for if I don't give her away, ſhe'll throw herſelf away. But I hope you won't follow the example of the great; there is ſuch work among them!

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B. BEVIL.

Dear Sir, don't nouriſh ſuch ſtrange prejudices. The great have their follies, tis true, but they have alſo their virtues, as well as the reſt of mankind; and there are among them many ſhining objects of imitation: we ſhould conſider, Sir, that the Greateſt Couple in the nation is the beſt and happieſt in it.

FINIS.